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“Nothing is more clearly written in the Book of Destiny, than the Emancipation of the Blacks; and it is equally certain that the two races will never live in a state of equal freedom under the same government, so insurmountable are the barriers which nature, habit and opinion have established between them.”

JEFFERSON.

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CONTINUATION OF EXTRACTS FROM THE “JOURNAL OF  
AN AFRICAN CRUISER.”

GOVERNOR ROBERTS.

“Nov. 4.—Governor Roberts, General Lewis, and Doctor Day, dined with us in the ward-room. The Governor is certainly no ordinary person. In every situation, as judge, ruler, and private gentleman, he sustains himself creditably, and is always unexceptionable. His deportment is dignified, quiet, and sensible. He has been tried in war as well as in peace, has seen a good share of fighting, and has invariably been cool, brave, and successful. He is a native of Virginia, and came from thence in 1828. The friends of colonization can hardly adduce a stronger argument in favour of their enterprise, than that it has redeemed such a man as Governor Roberts from servitude, and afforded him the opportunity (which was all he needed) of displaying his high natural gifts, and applying them to the benefit of his race.”

LIBERIANS NOT SLAVE-TRADERS.

“It has been asserted that the colonies of Liberia favour the slave-trade. This is not true. The only places where the traffic is carried on, north of the line, are in the neighbourhood of the most powerful English settlements on the whole coast; while even British authority does not pretend that the vicinity of the American colonies is polluted by it. Individuals among the colonists, unprincipled men, may, in a very few instances, from love of gain, have given assistance to slavers, by supplying goods or provisions at high prices. But this must have been done secretly, or the law would have taken hold of them. Slavers, no doubt, have often watered at Monrovia, but never when their character was known. On the other hand, the slave stations at St. Paul’s river, at Bassa, and at Junk, have undeniably been broken up by the presence of the colonists. Even if destitute of sympathy for fellow-men of their own race and hue, and regardless of their deep stake in the preservation of their character, the evident fact is, that self-interest would prompt the inhabitants of Liberia to oppose the slave-trade in their vicinity. Wherever the slaver comes, he purchases large quantities of rice at extravagant rates, thus curtailing the supply to the colonist, and enhancing the price. Moreover, the natives, always preferring the excitement of war to the labours of peace, neglect the culture of the earth, and have no camwood nor palm-oil to offer to the honest trader, who consequently finds neither buyers nor sellers among them.

"The truth is, the slave-traders can dispense with assistance from the Liberian colonists. They procure goods, and everything necessary to their trade, at Sierra Leone, or from any English or American vessel on the coast. If the merchantmen find a good market for their cargoes, they are satisfied, whatever be the character of their customers. This is well understood and openly avowed here. The English have no right to taunt the Americans, nor to claim higher integrity on their own part. They lend precisely the same indirect aid to the traffic that the Americans do, and furnish everything except vessels, which likewise they would supply, if they could build them. It is the policy of the English ship-masters on the coast to represent the Americans as engaged in the slave-trade; for if, by such accusations, they can induce British or American men-of-war to detain and examine the fair trader, they thus rid themselves of troublesome rivals."

"NATIVES CRUEL."—"HEDDINGTON FIGHT."—"COLONISTS RETRO-GRADING TO BARBARISM."

"The natives are very cruel in their fights, and spare neither age nor sex; they kill the women and female children, lest they should be the mothers of future warriors, and the boys, lest they should fight hereafter. If they take prisoners, it is either to torture them to death, or to sell them as slaves. The Fishmen have often evinced courage and obstinacy in war, as was the case in their assaults upon the Liberian settlers, in the heroic age of the colony, when Ashman and his associates displayed such warlike ability in defeating them. The Bushmen are as cruel as the former, but appear to be more cowardly. I have heard the Rev. Mr. Brown, himself an actor in the scene, relate the story of the fight at Heddington, in which three colonists, assisted by two women, were attacked at daybreak by five hundred natives, many of whom were armed with muskets. Zion Harris and Mr. Demery were the marksmen, while the clergyman assumed the duty of loading the guns. The natives rushed onward in so dense a crowd, that almost every bullet and buckshot of the defenders hit its man. The besieged had but six muskets, one hundred cartridges, and a few charges of powder. Their external fortifications consisted only of a slight picket-fence, which might have been thrown down in an instant. But, fortunately, when there were but three charges of powder left in the house, a shot killed Gotorap, the chief of the assailants, at whose fall the whole army fled in dismay. One of the trophies of their defeat was the kettle which they had brought for the purpose of cooking the missionaries, and holding a cannibal feast. The battle-field is poetically termed the bed of honour: but the bravest man might be excused for shrinking from a burial in his enemy's stomach! Poetry can make nothing of such a fate.

"Rude and wretched as is the condition of the natives, it has been affirmed that many of the Liberian colonists have mingled with them, and preferred their savage mode of life to the habits of civilization. Only one instance of the kind has come to my personal knowledge. We had on board, for two or three months, a party of Kroomen, among whom was one, dressed like the rest, but speaking better English. Being questioned, he said that he had learned English on board of merchant-vessels, where he had been employed for several years. We took this young man into the ward-room, where he worked for three months, associating chiefly with the Kroomen on deck, speaking their language, and perfectly resembling them in his appearance and general habits. About the time of discharging him, we discovered that he was a native of North Carolina, had resided many years in Liberia, but, being idle and vicious, had finally given up the civilized for the savage state. His real name was Elijah Park; his assumed one, William Henry."



## "SAUCY-WOOD PALAVER."

"Dec. 6.—At 4 P. M., anchored off Cape Palmas. The Decatur had hardly clewed up her top-sails, when she was directed by signal to make sail again. Shortly afterwards, a boat from the frigate brought us intelligence that there is trouble here between the natives and the colonists. The boats are ordered to be in readiness to go ashore to-morrow, in order to settle a palaver. The Decatur has gone to Caraway to protect the missionaries there. Thus we are in a fair way to have plenty of work, palavering with the natives and protecting the colonists. Not improbably, the latter have felt encouraged, by the presence of our squadron, to assume a higher tone towards the natives than heretofore. But we shall see.

"8.—We landed, this morning, with nine armed boats, to examine into the difficulties above alluded to. The first duty that it fell to our lot to perform, was one of humanity. We had scarcely reached Governor Russwurm's house, when, observing a crowd of people about a mile off, on the beach, we learned that a man was undergoing the ordeal of drinking sassy-wood. The Commodore, with most of the officers, hastened immediately to the rescue. On approaching the spot, we saw a woman with an infant on her back, walking to and fro, wailing bitterly, and throwing up her arms in agony. Further on, we met four children, from eight to twelve years of age, crying loudly as they came towards us, and apparently imploring us to save their father. Beyond them, and as near the crowd as she dared go, stood a young woman, supporting herself on a staff, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, while she gazed earnestly at the spot where her husband was suffering. Although she took no notice of us, her low moans were more impressive than the vociferous agony of the former woman; and we could not but suppose that the man was peculiarly amiable in the domestic relations, since his impending fate awakened more grief in the hearts of *two* wives, than, in civilized life, we generally see exhibited by one. Meeting a colonist, with intelligence that the victim was nearly dead, we quickened our pace to a fast run.

"Before we could reach the spot, however, the man had been put into a canoe, and paddled out into a lagoon by one of the party, while the remainder moved on to meet us. The Commodore ordered two of the leaders to be seized and kept prisoners, until the drinker of sassy-wood should be given up. This had the desired effect; and, in half an hour, there came to the Government House a hard-featured man of about fifty, escorted by a crowd, no small portion of which was composed of his own multifarious wives and children, all displaying symptoms of high satisfaction. He looked much exhausted, but was taken into the house and treated medically, with the desired success. When sufficiently recovered he will be sent to a neighbouring town, where he must remain until permitted by the customs of his people to return. He had been subjected to the ordeal, in order to test the truth or falsehood of an accusation brought against him, of having caused the death of a man of consequence, by incantations and necromantic arts. In such cases, a strong decoction of the sassy-wood bark is the universally acknowledged medium of coming at the truth. The natives believe that the tree has a supernatural quality, potent in destroying witches and driving out evil spirits; nor, although few escape, do the accused persons often object to quaffing the deadly draught. If it fail to operate fatally, it is generally by the connivance of those who administer it, in concocting the potion of such strength that the stomach shall reject it. Should the suspected wizard escape the operation of the sassy-wood, it is customary to kill him by beating on the head with clubs and stones; his property is forfeited; and the party accusing him feast on the cattle of their

victim. The man whom we rescued had taken a gallon of the decoction the previous evening, and about the same quantity just before we interrupted the ordeal. His wealth had probably excited the envy of his accusers."

#### ATTACK ON MOUNT TUBMAN REPULSED BY THE COLONISTS.

"We had just returned to the Government House, and were about to seat ourselves at the dinner-table, when an alarm gun was heard from Mount Tubman. A messenger soon arrived to say that the natives were attempting to force their way through the settlement to the Cape. The marines, together with all the officers who could be spared, were instantly on the march. The Commodore and Governor Russwurm led the force, on horseback; the flag-lieutenant and myself being the only other officers fortunate enough to procure animals. Mine was the queerest charger on which a knight ever rode to battle; a little donkey, scarcely high enough to keep my feet from the ground; so lazy that I could only force him into a trot by the continual prick of my sword; and so vicious that he threw me twice, in requital of my treatment. The rest of the detachment footed it four miles, on a sandy road, and under the scorching sun. On the way we overtook several armed colonists, hurrying to the point of danger. Passing the foot of Mount Vaughan, we reached Mount Tubman, and, ascending a steep, conical hill, found ourselves on a level space of a hundred yards in diameter, with a strong picket fence surrounding it, and a solitary house in the centre. Fifteen or sixteen armed men were on the watch, as conscious of the neighbourhood of an enemy; the piazza was crowded with women and children; and from the interior of the house came the merry voices of above a score of little boys and girls, ignorant of danger, and enjoying a high frolic. Apart, by the wall, sat a blind man, grasping his staff with a tremulous hand; and near him lay a sick woman, who had been brought in from a neighbouring farm-house. All these individuals, old and young, had been driven hither for refuge by the alarm of war.

"Not far off, we beheld tokens that an attack had been made, and sternly resisted by the little garrison of the stockade. On the side opposite the Cape, a steep path rose towards the gate. Some twenty yards down this passage lay a native, dead, with an ugly hole in his skull; and, in a narrow path to the right, was stretched another, who had met his death from a bullet wound in the centre of his forehead. The ball had cut the ligature which bound his 'greegree' of shells around his head, and the faithless charm lay on the ground beside him. Already, the flies were beginning to cluster about the dead man's mouth. The attacking party, to which these slain individuals belonged, were of the Barraky tribe. It is supposed that, knowing King Freeman to be at variance with the colonists, and hearing the salute in honour of the Commodore's landing, they mistook it for the commencement of hostilities, and came in to support the native party and gather spoil.

"As their repulse had evidently been decisive, we looked around us to enjoy the extensive and diversified view from the summit of the hill. Casting our eyes along the road which we had just passed, the principal settlement was visible, consisting of two separate villages, intermingled with large native towns, the dwellings in which greatly outnumbered those of the colonists. On one side of the rude promontory ran a small river; on the other, the sea rolled its unquiet waves. At a short distance from the shore was seen the rocky islet, bearing the name of Go-to-Hell, where the natives bury their dead. Northward, were the farms of those whom the recent hostile incursion had driven to this place of refuge. In various

directions, several spurs of hills were visible, on one of which, glittering among the trees, appeared the white edifices of the Mount Vaughan Episcopal Mission.

"On our return, some of the party halted at the mission establishment; but I urged my little donkey onward, and, though this warlike episode had cost me a dinner, made my re-appearance at the Governor's table in time for the desert."

#### CAPE PALMAS PALAVER.

9.—At Cape Palmas. We again landed, as on the preceding day, and met the redoubtable King Freeman, and twenty-three other kings and head-men from the tribes in the vicinity. The palaver, like that at Sinoe, was held in the Methodist Church; the Commodore, the Governor, and several officers and colonists, appearing on one side, and the natives on the other. There were several striking countenances among the four-and-twenty negro potentates, and some, even, that bore the marks of native greatness; as might well be the case, in a system of society where rank and authority are, in a great measure, the result of individual talent and force of character. One head-man was very like Henry Clay, both in face and figure. It is remarkable, too, that one of the chiefs at Sinoe not only had a strong personal resemblance to the same distinguished statesman—being, as it were, his image in ebony, or bronze—but, while not speaking, moved constantly about the palaver-house, as is Mr. Clay's habit in the senate-chamber. The interpreter on the present occasion, Yellow Will by name, was dressed in a crimson mantle of silk damask, poncho-shaped, and trimmed with broad gold lace.

"The palaver being opened, the colonists complained that the chiefs had raised to double what it had been, or ought to be, the prices of rice and other products, for which the settlements were dependent upon the natives; also, that they would permit no merchant vessels to communicate with the colonial town. On representation of these grievances, the Kings agreed to rescind the obnoxious regulations. This, however, did not satisfy the Governor, who had hoped to induce King Freeman to remove his town to another site, and allow the colonists more room. As matters at present stand, the King's capital city is within three hundred yards of Governor Russwurm's house, and entirely disunites the colonial settlements on the Cape. In case of war, the communication between these two sections of the town of Harper would be completely broken off. The Governor, therefore, proposed that King Freeman should sell his land on the Cape, receiving a fair equivalent from the colony, and should transplant his town across the river, or elsewhere. But the King showed no inclination to comply; nor did the Commodore, apparently, deem it his province to support Governor Russwurm, or take any part in the question. The point was accordingly given up; the Governor merely requesting King Freeman to 'look his head,' that is, consider—and let him know his determination."

#### "INFLUENCE OF MISSIONARIES."

"There was also a complaint made, on the part of the missionaries, that the natives had cut off their supplies, and had attempted to take away the native children, who had been given them to educate. I was subsequently informed, however, by the Rev. Mr. Hazlehurst, that the missionaries has no difficulty with the natives, and did not wish their affairs to be identified with those of the colonists. The above representation, therefore, appears to have been unauthorized by the mission establishment. *And here, without presuming to offer an opinion as respects their conduct at this particular juncture, I must be allowed to say, that the missionaries at Liberia have shown*



*themselves systematically disposed to claim a position entirely independent of the colonies. They are supported by wealthy and powerful societies at home; they have been accustomed to look upon their own race as superior to the coloured people; they are individually conscious, no doubt, in many cases, of an intellectual standing above that of the persons prominent among the emigrants; and they are not always careful to conceal their sense of such general or particular superiority. It is certain, too, that the native Africans regard the whites with much greater respect than those of their own colour. Hence, it is almost impossible but that jealousy of missionary influence should exist in the minds of the colonial authorities. The latter perceive, in the midst of their commonwealth, an alien power, exercised by persons not entitled to the privileges of citizenship, and to whom it was never intended to allow voice or action in public affairs. By such a state of things, the progress of Christianity and civilization must be rather retarded than advanced.*

“There is reason, therefore, to doubt whether the labours of white missionaries, in the territory over which the colonists exercise jurisdiction, is, upon the whole, beneficial. If removed beyond those limits, and insulated among the natives, they may accomplish infinite good; but not while assuming an anomalous position of independence, and thwarting the great experiment which the founders of Liberia had in view. One grand object of these colonies is, to test the disputed and doubtful point, whether the coloured race be capable of sustaining themselves without the aid or presence of the whites. In order to a fair trial of the question, it seems essential that none but coloured missionaries should be sent hither. The difficulties between the Government and the Methodist Episcopal Mission confirm these views. At a former period, that mission possessed power almost sufficient to subvert the colonial rule.

“Let it not be supposed, that these remarks are offered in any spirit of hostility to missionaries. My intercourse with them in different parts of the world, has been of the most friendly nature. I owe much to their kindness, and can bear cheerful testimony to the laborious, self-devoting spirit in which they do their duty. At Athens, I have seen them toiling unremittingly, for years, to educate the ignorant and degraded descendants of the ancient Greeks, and was proud that my own country—in a hemisphere of which Plato never dreamed—should have sent back to Greece a holier wisdom than he diffused from thence. In the unhealthy isle of Cyprus, I have beheld them perishing without a murmur, and their places filled with new votaries, stepping over the graves of the departed, and not less ready to spend and be spent in the cause of their Divine Master. I have witnessed the flight of whole families from the mountains of Lebanon, where they had lingered until its cedars were prostrate beneath the storm of war, and only then came to shelter themselves under the flag of their country. Everywhere, the spirit of the American missionaries has been honourable to their native land; nor, whatever be their human imperfections, is it too much to term them holy in their lives, and often martyrs in their deaths. And none more so than the very men of whom I now speak, in these sickly regions of Africa, where I behold them sinking, more or less gradually, but with certainty, and destitute of almost every earthly comfort, into their graves. I criticise portions of their conduct, but reverence their purity of motive; and only regret, that, while divesting themselves of so much that is worldly, they do not retain either more wisdom of this world, or less aptness to apply a disturbing influence to worldly affairs.”

#### COFFEE PLANTING.

“March 2.—Anchored at Monrovia, in less than eight days from Porto Praya, although the winds were light, most of the time. Several of our



Kroomen, who left us, two months ago, completely dressed in sailor-rig, came on board with only a hat and a handkerchief, and forthwith proceeded to haul upon the ropes, as before.

"6.—I have been walking through Judge Benedict's coffee plantation, from the condition of which I find little encouragement to persons disposed to engage in the business. The trees are certainly not so thrifty, and are apparently less in number than they were three years ago. There is little or no weeding done; consequently, the plantation is overgrown with grass and bushes, and looks as if the forest might, at no distant day, reclaim its children. All the trees have been transplanted from the neighbouring woods, and, it is said, do not flourish so well as those raised from seed, in nurseries. General Lewis has several thousand coffee-plants growing from the seed, and, in two or three years, will have tested the comparative advantages of this plan.

"COL. HICKS AND LADY."

"I dined ashore to-day. At the table were a Dutchman, a Dane, four American officers, and Colonel Hicks. All, except myself, were good talkers, and composed a delightful dinner-party. Colonel Hicks, of whom I have before spoken in this Journal, is one of the most shrewd, active and agreeable men in the colony. Once a slave in Kentucky, and afterwards in New Orleans, he is now a commission-merchant in Monrovia, doing a business worth four or five thousand dollars per annum. Writing an elegant hand, he uses this accomplishment to the best advantage by inditing letters, on all occasions, to those who can give him business. If a French vessel shows her flag in the harbour, the Colonel's Krooman takes a letter to the master, written in his native language. If an American man-of-war, he writes in English, offering his services, and naming some person as his intimate friend, who will probably be known on board. Then he is so hospitable, and his house always so neat, and his table so good—his lady, moreover, is such a friendly, pleasant-tempered person, and so good looking into the bargain—that it is really a fortunate day for the stranger in Liberia, when he makes the acquaintance of Colonel and Mrs. Hicks. Every day, after the business of the morning is concluded, the Colonel dresses for dinner, which appears upon the table at three o'clock. He presides with genuine elegance and taste; his stories are good, and his quotations amusing. To be sure, he occasionally commits little mistakes, such, for instance, as speaking of America as his Alma Mater; but, on the whole, even without any allowance for a defective education, he appears wonderfully well. One circumstance is too indicative of strong sense, as well as good taste, not to be mentioned;—he is not ashamed of his colour, but speaks of it without restraint, and without effort. Most coloured men avoid alluding to their hue, thus betraying a morbid sensibility upon the point, as if it were a disgraceful and afflicting dispensation. Altogether the Colonel and his lady make many friends, and are as apparently happy, and as truly respectable as any couple here or elsewhere."

"COUNCIL-CHAMBER.—NEW GEORGIA MEMBERS & GOV. ROBERTS."

"9—Ashore, and in the council-chamber. It is a spacious apartment on the second floor of the stone building recently erected for the purposes of a Legislative Hall and Court House. The Governor presided, sitting in a high backed rocking-chair; which, by the by, the natives call a 'Missionary Horse.' The colonial Secretary acted as chief clerk, and Doctor Prout, in gold-bowed spectacles, as his assistant. An ungainly lad, with big feet and striped hose, seemed to engross in his own person the offices of door-keeper, sergeant-at-arms, and page. The council proper consisted of ten members,

who sat at separate desks, arranged semi-circularly in front of the Governor. The spectators occupied rude benches in the rear of the members.

"The question before the council related to the building of a market-house in Monrovia, at the expense of the commonwealth, as proposed in one of the sections of a bill to form a city government. This being a matter of some interest, each member expressed his views, but with such brevity that the whole debate occupied scarcely forty minutes, although several individuals spoke twice. This conciseness was less a virtue of choice than necessity, being attributable chiefly to the fact, that the presiding officer set his face against all vagaries of eloquence, and kept the speakers strictly to the point. If one wandered in the least, he was instantly called to order, and compelled to take his seat, upon the slightest deviation from the rules of the house. One of the members was a wilder specimen of humanity than even our legislative bodies at home have ever presented to an admiring world. He was a re-captured African, representing New Georgia, an uncouth figure of a man, who spoke very broken English, with great earnestness, and much to the amusement of his brother counsellors and the audience generally. I regret my inability to preserve either the matter or the manner of so original an orator.

"Here, as in the various other situations in which I have seen him placed, Governor Roberts acquitted himself as a dignified, manly, and sensible person. Deriving his appointment from the Society at home, he can act with more independence, in official capacity, than if indebted to the voices of the members for his position."

#### "SUGAR PLANTATIONS."

"19.—Just returned from an excursion up the St. Paul's river. Three officers, in company with Dr. Lugenbeel, left Monrovia seasonably in the forenoon, in one of our boats, rowed—and well rowed too—by five Kroomen. Near the village, we passed from the Mesurado river through Stockton's creek, seven or eight miles, to the St. Paul's. Our first landing was at the public farm, where the manufacture of sugar was going on. Twelve Kroomen (whose power, in this country, is applied to as great a variety of purposes as those of steam and water in our own) were turning the mill by two long levers, walking round and round in one interminable circle, like the horse in an old-fashioned bark-mill. Three or four boys fed the mill with cane, which about a score of colonists were employed in cutting and bringing in by small armsfull, from a field in the immediate vicinity. The overseer, Mr. Moore, and a few other persons, were occupied in boiling the cane-juice. Mr. Moore informed me that sixteen Kroomen were employed on the premises, at three dollars per month, and twenty-five colonists at sixty-two and a half cents a day, besides their food. This year they make about thirty barrels of sugar (which will cost at least twenty-five cents per pound), and two pipes of molasses. The cane, now in process of manufacture, is very small and unprofitable, all of the larger kind having been already ground. The sugar-house is a wretched building, with a thatched roof, and the sides roughly boarded like a cow-shed. There were four boilers in full bubble, and ten thousand bees in full buzz about the establishment; the insects bidding fair to hoard up more profit than the sugar-manufacturers.

"Mr. Moore had accompanied the Niger expedition in the capacity of farmer, and resided nine or ten months on the model farm, without undergoing the prevalent sickness. While almost every white man perished, the coloured colonists all survived. A large amount of property was left in the charge of Mr. Moore, and he returned with the expedition to England. As superintendent of the public farm, he now receives from the Colonization Society a salary of three hundred dollars.

"Leaving the farm, we soon entered the St. Paul's, a noble river, which comes rolling onward from the yet unexplored interior of the country. Following its course a mile or more towards the sea, we arrived at Maumee's Town, a village of thirty or forty huts, where a considerable slave-trade was carried on, until broken up by the colonists under Governor Ashman. Old Maumee still resides here, and cherishes a bitter hatred against the Liberians, and all Americans and Englishmen, as having caused the ruin of her profitable commerce. The old hag was not now at home, having obeyed the custom of the country by retiring to a more secluded spot, for the purpose of nursing a sick grand-daughter. The persons who remained were quite uninteresting. The only noticeable group was composed of two women, one lying flat on her face, with her head in the other's lap. Her hair being combed out as straight as the tenacity of its curls would allow, her friend was arranging it in that fine braid with which it is customary to cover the head."

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As the interest in the matter of the seizure of the John Seys, by the British Cruiser, "The Lily," seems to increase rather than diminish, we have concluded to make room for the following statement of the mate of that vessel, on board at the time of her seizure.

We doubt not ere our next number goes to press we shall be relieved from our present state of suspense with regard to her doom.

(From the Liberia Herald.)

### SEIZURE OF THE JOHN SEYS.

*Statement of Jeffry Horace, Mate of the Schooner John Seys.*

MR. EDITOR;—In my communication to you some time last week, I endeavoured to acquaint your readers with some of the facts which cause our grievances as a body of people, imposed upon merely because we are incapable of seeking and demanding redress. As my schooner was beating or drifting about opposite our harbor, when I closed my former article, and communication on board from us was forbidden at our peril, I could not have been fully apprised of the particulars of her illegal seizure, nor of the subsequent transactions on board, and consequently could not give you this information which I am certain every well-wisher of Liberia is anxious to hear. I know not a more correct and better way to do this than by giving you the statement of the mate, who was on board when she was boarded on the 15th inst., and escaped for his life on the following Friday.

"We were out of water on the morning of the 15th inst., and as the bar was too bad for the large boat to come off as had been intended, I made a special signal for the captain to have water sent off from the beach. This special signal was up when the man-of-war boat had approached sufficiently near for me to conclude from the number of men on board, that she must be a man-of-war boat. I immediately took down the special signal and hoisted colonial colors. The boat soon sailed up and the men boarded the schooner. The papers were demanded by the commanding officer, and I immediately got them and handed them to him one at a time. He then asked me all the particulars about the vessel, and looked at the papers and said to me, 'I thought you said the vessel belonged to Bassa Cove; how is it, it says Liberia here?' I said to him read, and likely you will see Stephen A. Benson, of Bassa Cove, mentioned in them.

"He then blundered along some how or other and said at last, 'I see it.' The vessel was overhauled by them, and the cargo turned out, among which



were found satin stripes, tom coffees, blue baft, romauals, bleached and unbleached cottons, prints, brass kettles, tin pans, powder, guns, tobacco, pipes, iron bars, &c. &c.

"I told him these were such goods as were used in the oil trade—that they were intended for that purpose, and that I could show him papers then on board communicated from Mr. Edward Morris, Sinou, to the captain when at Sinou, in proof that the same kind of goods were sold for oil the last voyage. The officer then said to me, 'I can't believe you. I believe you to be a slaver from your kettles and pans you have on board;' and then turned to his men and said 'Men, I think I'll take her, any how, will you all bear me out?' 'Yes,' was the answer. He then commanded the sails to be loosed and the anchor weighed.

"Very soon after this a canoe was seen coming off from towards Bassa Cove. So soon as it got pretty near, I told the officer the captain of the schooner was coming off, and he would be able to give fuller explanations if necessary; and also see to the vessel's cargo, in case he persisted in carrying her to Sierra Leone. But when the canoe approached a little nearer the officer jumped upon the hencoop aft with his double-barreled gun, and motioned with his hand, saying, 'Go off; go back; or I will put a ball through your canoe.' There were two others, one on each side, who really put up their guns in the position of shooting. The canoe stopped; the Krooman seemed affrighted, and after halting some time, put back for the shore.

"The schooner continued sailing off. I tried to prevail on the officer to let the captain come on board, or even to admit him alongside; as justice could not be done to the owners unless the captain was on board the vessel, not only to keep an eye to every thing on board, but also to make the requisite statements, and give explanation before whatever court action might be taken on the case. I told him that one canoe with only two or three Americans in it could not retake the vessel.

"After Captain Horace had almost got ashore, the officer seemed to be in deep meditation, as if conscious of an error, and said to me. 'Why did not your captain come on board; there was no occasion for his return.' I said to him, have you forgot that you forbade his approach by motioning with your hand for him to return, and saying at the same time that you would blow a hole through the canoe if he approached any nearer? 'Oh,' said he, 'it was not my intention to shoot? that is the English mode of making a complimentary bow, and giving a hearty welcome. I meant no more.' I said to him that though I was ignorant, I was not mistaken in what I had heard him say, and saw him do, nor what it all indicated. He then said to me very sharply with an oath, 'I don't care what you saw and heard, and further, if you do not mind, I will put a pistol ball through your head.' He then asked me if I did not have another set of papers, which question he repeated very frequently; and teased me to say 'yes.' After he found he could not prevail, he then said, 'You have no manifest or clearance on board to show your cargo and where you were bound. This shows that you are in an illegal trade.'

"I asked him if he did not perceive in the papers that the vessel belonged to and hailed from the port of Bassa Cove, Grand Bassa? and did he not know that the schooner was lying in her own port, not a league from shore, when he boarded and took her? did he know in any British port, vessels to procure and have on board their manifest and clearance before they had finished taking in cargo, and ready for sea? If he did, he must have known more than any other man of common sense. 'Well,' said he, 'I don't recognize your colors, you are no nation; neither are you under the patronage of any nation. The authority that granted your papers is not a recognized



one; and what right have the d——d Yankees to place colonies on the coast any how? Your colors I deem good for nothing.' I gave him to understand he might do as he pleased about that and stand the consequences—that the colonial flag had been used for years, and it had been respected by the vessels of all nations, whether naval or merchantmen; and that other men-of-war had boarded the schooner—that the *Rapid's* boat had boarded her several times within the last week or so—and she had no more in her now to condemn her than then? and why did not their ambition for fame and promotion induce them to take her? Moreover, he would hardly find an English trader on the coast that did not have the same kind of goods.

'He then seemed to manifest some uneasiness;—which I thought arose from a consciousness of having acted too fast in taking the vessel. Meanwhile, he said to me, 'Step here forward with me: I want to have a word with you.' I wondered what he could want with me, and while reflecting he said to me 'Look here: if you will only say that this vessel is engaged in the slave trade, I will give you a doubloon. You need not let the other men hear you; they have nothing to do with what passes between you and me.' I got angry immediately, to see such an exhibition of meanness, and said to him, rather abruptly, if this is what you are up to I will have no more to say to you on the subject. You know you have illegally taken the vessel; you begin to fear consequences, and now you wish to bribe me to tell a lie. I will answer no more of your questions. If you intend carrying us to Sierra Leone, I will go and say what I have to say there. I know she will be cleared, for there are scores there who both know the vessel and the owner too.

'They continued beating off the harbor the remainder of the day, but made little headway. They appeared to be somewhat intoxicated, or at least to have been drinking too much. The officer frequently jumped on deck and acted like one partly crazy, and would say, 'I told them that I would take the first prize.' They were so far out of their right element that they could not properly work the vessel. They injured her leeward sails by sheeting them aft, and bracing them, as if they were hauling on the deck tackle or something else that would require several horse-power to move it. They also split some of the blocks and carried away rigging; and the first night they had her in charge there was quite a severe blow of wind, and the sails were flying and flapping all night, for they were only loosely clued at the leeward. They punched a hole through her bulwarks with their boats also. When Mr. Lawrence, of the brig *Ellen Jenkinson*, of Liverpool, (who well knows the schooner, and is also well acquainted with the legality of the trade in which she is engaged,) came from the leeward and anchored at Trade Town, where they had conveyed the schooner, I was told by the gunner that he (Mr. L.) told the officer that he had done wrong in taking the vessel, or interfering with her at all—that he was just as liable to be taken as we were, for he had the same kinds of kettles on board which were said to amount to such strong suspicion in our vessel, and that Mr. Lawrence sent for one and showed it, and the officer had to confess it was the same.

'The gunner further said to me that in case he had had his way about it, he would not have interfered with the vessel at first; and when the officer came on board I heard him and the gunner talking aft, and I heard him (the officer) say, 'I am sorry that I have interfered with this vessel; I wish I had let her alone.' After this, he said to me, 'Do you know what the expenses of this vessel are estimated at per day? I told him no, the owner only could tell. A little while after this he said to me, 'If I don't have you tried as a slaver, I will have you tried as a pirate, and you will

then be hung, which will be much worse for you than if you were tried for the slave trade. Now you had better give up, and acknowledge that you are in the slave trade, and join our brig, the Lily, when she comes; and I will procure you the station of pilot on board of her, which will be better employment than you can find in the colony. You are well acquainted with the coast, are you not?' I did not answer so abruptly this time as I did before, when he offered me the doubloon, but said to him, I did not know what I might do when the Lily came. My object for answering so calmly this time was, that I began to be alarmed in consequence of what I conceived a fuller development of their true character in the free and unrestrained use they made of Mr. Benson's goods on board, just as if they had bought the vessel and cargo; and I thought that if this, together with their former course of proceeding, did not amount to piracy, it would be more difficult for the most discriminating man to show the difference than for me to split a hair; and as such I considered my life in danger.

"For they were just as much justified for interfering with the one as the other. I therefore concluded to give them as soft answers as possible, and to make my escape for life the first chance. I saw them open the tobacco cask, and not only *use* but *sell* it. I also saw them sell his clothes, &c. They split his camwoods to burn. They used his pans and kettles, that belonged to the cargo, and his goods were placed in a position where they were exposed to the rain.

"So eager were they to make away with the goods that he said, 'We must keep the colonial colors flying, so that the natives might know the vessel, and be induced to think that she is not taken, so that they may bring off trade to sell to us.' I told them there was no need of that, for Mr. Benson had factories for buying oil at Tobaccanell, Young Sess and Trade Town, and the natives well knew the vessel and legality of the trade in which she was engaged, and that they will hardly fear to come off, for they know she can't be legally condemned, and therefore no need of resorting to that stratagem.

"This served to confirm me the more in the belief that my life was unsafe, and of the propriety of resorting to some stratagem for escape.

"On Friday I proposed to them to let me go fishing in a fish canoe, in company with a small fish boy, who was steward on board the vessel with me. They asked me if any good fishing ground was near. I said yes. They said, 'You can go; I know you will not and cannot run away.' So the little boy and myself got in the canoe; we were hardly in before she capsized. This confirmed them in the belief, no doubt, that we were poor canoe men; and thought that in consequence thereof it would be folly for us to attempt to escape while they had the pinnace there. The capsize was quite amusing to them. However, we managed to get in again and pulled directly out to sea, until I perceived we were sufficiently distant to reach the shore, in a diagonal direction, before the pinnace could overtake us, and at the same time to be beyond musket shot;—we made the attempt. As soon as they discovered us heading toward shore, the pinnace put in chase after us, and fired several guns, but all in vain—we reached shore, and were at Bassa the following day."

Mr. Benson, the owner of the John Seys, adds the following remarks to the preceding narrative:

Though I cannot say positively, for I may be mistaken, yet I have been, was then, and am still more and more under the impression, that the English, or a part at least, have concerted a deep plan for the accomplishment of a certain object. A part of their plan I believe to be this: to make use of such means in their intercourse with us, either at sea or on

land, as will have a tendency to show and make us feel our weakness—our want of recognition—our want of protection—till we are *necessitated* to petition them for this protection and recognition—thus have the object accomplished of having us in their insatiable clutches, or aggravate us by their incessant impositions, till we are constrained to commit acts of violence on some of their subjects, which will be for them a justifiable plea for taking possession of the place.

A few more facts in support of this opinion, and I will leave, with a few remarks about the schooner:

On Sunday, which was the day following the day after the first brig anchored, another man-of-war, the *Water Witch*, came in and anchored there. There was no communication with the shore that day to my knowledge. From what I could see with the glass I thought some of their boats were sounding the harbour. The following morning the schooner was off for Sierra Leone; and six men-of-war boats soon after came into the river in successive order. Some went to Edina; some went to Bexley; and some came to Bassa Cove. Some of the *Lily's* officers were among these that visited Bassa Cove. I introduced the subject of the illegal seizure or capture of the vessel; and thought if I could not be allowed to go on board to give explanation relative to the schooner, I might venture to do so on shore. But I soon found that the officer who took her had made up a false tale to report to his commander, as I expected; for notwithstanding three Americans were in the canoe besides the Kroomen, all of whom testify the same thing, and we who were spying with our glasses could almost see every movement, yet that officer whoever he was, declared to his commander that he never forbade the approach of the canoe. And moreover, the mate of the schooner, after his escape, upon his first arrival, made the same statement that the captain and these men made before he had had any private interview with them.

The officers with whom I was in conversation, said repeatedly, in the presence of Messrs. John Hanson, James H. Stevens, S. S. Herring, A. W. Gardiner, and a number more besides myself that the papers and colors under which my vessel sailed were useless and illegal; because the authority that granted them is not recognized. This he repeated in conversation, to my knowledge, three times; until asked by the officer of the *Water Witch*, whether the authority of the colony was not really recognized to his certain knowledge. About this time it was brought to his mind that he had told us previously that he knew nothing about these colonies or their existence before he left England; and that he was direct from England, with the exception that the commander had had an interview with Commander Jones at the windward. But as to himself he had no knowledge of the existence of these colonies, until he arrived here.

Now whence could he have procured his information relative to the colonial authority not being recognized? He did not learn it on shore, for he had just landed. He knew nothing about it when he left home, and thus he found himself brought into straits to tell where he got his information from, and was forced to retract, so far as to deny having spoken positively, but said it was his apprehension. But how we may account for this discrepancy I cannot say positively, but I can think, and I leave others to think. Nothing need be more evident to me, than this information was received about the time of his "*interview with the commander at the windward.*" And it is not unreasonable to suppose that this information was intimately connected with instructions that were given prior to coming down the coast. So that it seems that their whole course of procedure is *premeditated*—was entered upon under advice; and arranged for the accomplishment of some specific object.



The officers asked many questions about the colony; its limits; the line of coast it embraces; the relation this place sustains to Monrovia; to the United States; asked whether we had the United States flag here, and whether allowed to use it. The gentleman from the Lily remarked several times, "What a pleasant place this is! how desirable a situation! Surely you have little sickness here. How superior this to Ascension! I would like to live here very well." I told him we were very well satisfied with our home, and would feel ourselves a happy people if they would only let us occupy and enjoy it unmolested: which excited their laughter very much and induced them to reply by saying, "That all this would have a tendency to bring about a better understanding between Great Britain and the colony."

I mentioned that six boats came in—some of these came for water, others for vegetables and fish—one was the flag boat which preceded, I think, the one in which the two commanders came ashore. The commanders did not tarry at the lower settlements long, but proceeded to Bexley—returned in the afternoon and went on board. I am told that they were both very civil and gentlemanly. The commander of the *Water Witch*, especially, was very highly spoken of by those who visited them.

It was something quite novel with us at Bassa who seldom see a man-of-war, to see so many boats in our river at once, and for commanding officers to manifest so much interest for our colony as to ascend seven miles to visit the upper settlements.

As to my schooner, I am told she is sent to Sierra Leone, of course it would be folly to take her to Monrovia where there is no recognized authority. Well, then I think we had as well make wrapping paper of our colonial laws, and send no more representatives to make laws for us, if we are not to be tried by them—if England is to be lawgiver.

All the authority used in our courts too, is illegal, for our courts are instituted by this same authority that is not recognized. I hope British subjects will remember this, and not have the effrontery to seek any redress in our colony (whether the case be civil or criminal) until they recognize the authority that instituted these courts through which they seek this redress.

Now I ask the question, what chance is there for my vessel to be cleared at Sierra Leone, even were it right for her to be taken there? In the first place they forbid the captain and others from going on board, who should appear as evidences in behalf of the schooner, and who should be on board to prevent any thing from being smuggled on board in order to condemn her. Again, it is likely that some of the very things consumed or confiscated by that officer and his crew, would have proven a most powerful evidence in favour of the schooner.

And again, can we doubt for a moment that a man, who was mean enough to try and bribe my mate to tell a lie, in order to exonerate him from a difficulty in which, after he had got sober, he found his ambition had led him, would, when he found the vessel in his own hands, and no one to inform on him, do any and every thing to effect her condemnation?—this is too evident to admit of a doubt.

Again, I am told that such has become the desire to condemn the vessel thus taken to Sierra Leone, as that the most dishonest intrigues are resorted to at times to effect this, and that by some of whom such a thing should not be expected. Mr. Anthony W. Gardiner, who left this place last January on a visit to Sierra Leone, and returned a few weeks ago, informs us for a fact, that on the week he arrived there, they put a fellow in prison for conveying slave irons on board a vessel they had been trying to condemn for some time, but could not find sufficient evidence. This poor fellow had to



bear the blame, but it is certain that he would not have derived so much benefit from her condemnation, (yet he bore the blame.) Now, taking these things under consideration, would it not be miraculous for her to escape condemnation, (should they consider themselves justifiable in trying her,) and is it not too much for freemen to be thus imposed upon—to labour so hard for the accumulation of property, and have it thus confiscated? I had nearly all the trade goods I possessed on board, besides some freight to Sinou for some Americans; but this is not all, I have thousands of gallons of oil at the leeward, which will be sold to the first English vessel that calls there, after they hear of the schooner's capture, and as soon as the oil season is over I can never get it in afterward. But it is folly for any man to imagine that I will suffer my property to be thus squandered without seeking and having redress, should my life be spared long enough. We wish those who are so fond of falsely styling Liberians a banditti of robbers, and take delight in their misrepresenting our characters in England to speak now, and do too, or else forever hereafter hold their peace.

Yours, truly,

BASSA COVE, *Grand Bassa County*.

STEPHEN A. BENSON.

THE LION'S LEAP.—“Once when I was traveling in Namaqua Land, I observed a spot which was imprinted with at least twenty spoors or marks of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Namaqua chief told me that a lion had been practising his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said, that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he would always go back to where he sprang from, and practise the leap so as to be successful on another occasion; and then he related to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye-witness to the incident:

“I was passing near the end of a craggy hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock, of from ten to twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock beyond was quite steep. A lion was creeping towards the rock, to catch the male zebra, which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang and missed his mark; he fell short, with only his head over the edge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away switching his tail in the air. Although the object of his pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock a second and third time, till he succeeded. During this two more lions came up and joined the first lion. They seemed to be talking, for they roared a great deal to each other; and then the first lion led them round the rock again and again. He then made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do at another time. The chief added, they were evidently talking to each other, although they talked loud enough; but I thought it was well enough to be off or they might have some talk about me.”—*Capt. Maryatt's Scenes in Africa*.

DEPARTURE OF THE ROANOKE.—The Ship Roanoke, of Baltimore, chartered by the American Col. Society, left this port on the 28th inst. for Norfolk, where she is to take on board some two hundred emigrants, and proceed to Liberia.

The Brig Kent will also sail from this port for Cape Palmas, with passengers and emigrants, on the 15th prox. Those intending to take passage in her must be on board by the 12th at farthest.

MAGNANIMITY.—A boat belonging to H. B. M. ship *Waterwitch* with a crew of nine men became by some means separated from the ship. Near night a heavy squall came on and they made the best of their way to one of our little colonial crafts lying at Teembo. They reached her half drowned with rain and solicited a supper and lodging. The latter was readily granted as also the former would have been if the rain would have permitted them to cook. Early next morning breakfast was provided for the guests of the best there was on board. The guests remained to dinner. Afterward espying a vessel which supposing to be one of their squadron they put off for. A heavy squall came on and drove them back. They again lodged on board the colonial craft. Next morning they were provided with another breakfast, of which when they had partaken they prepared to take their leave. Before doing so however they expressed very much thanks for the kind hospitality they had been treated with, and advised the commander of the colonial craft to run into Trade Town should he be in want of provisions and assured him he should be abundantly supplied from the *Waterwitch*. A few days afterward the craft was on her way home when she espied the *Waterwitch* bearing down for her. A shot which very nearly struck him brought him to. They compelled the little craft to dodge about after them until she was nearly ashore on a reef of rocks. As they could not tell how long they would be detained they sent a canoe to ask for a little provisions. The canoe returned with the message go to H——— and the *Waterwitch* was making her way out to sea.—*Liberia Herald*.

#### LIBERAL BEQUEST OF THE LATE GENERAL McDONALD.

The following correspondence indicates that our good cause is not entirely forgotten :

*To the Maryland State Colonization Society.*

In pursuance of an item in the last will and testament of the late General William McDonald, which directs the payment by his executor of the sum of five hundred dollars, as expressed in the following words, viz :

“Item.—I give and bequeath to the Maryland State Colonization Society the sum of five hundred dollars, to be appropriated by the Society in the colony itself, in Africa.”

I have the honour to inform the Society that I am anxious to comply with the testator's wishes and my duty, by handing over the said amount (less the State tax) as soon as it is convenient for the President to execute the release for its payment, herewith sent, and which I trust will shortly be done.

Most respectfully,

Baltimore, Sept. 15, 1845.

SAMUEL McDONALD, *Ex.*

BALTIMORE, Sept. 23, 1845.

SAMUEL McDONALD, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I am directed by the Board of Managers of the Maryland State Colonization Society, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, enclosing a check for five hundred dollars, being the amount of the legacy bequeathed to the Society by your late and lamented father.

I am also directed by the Board to acknowledge their sense of the liberal manner in which you have paid the legacy clear of the tax to the State. It is the purpose of the Board to comply strictly with the terms of the bequest, and they feel satisfied that the expenditure of the sum bequeathed will promote the prosperity and welfare of the colony and its citizens.

I have the honour to be your most ob't serv't,

JNO. H. B. LATROBE,  
Pres't Md. State Col. Society.



